

THE LAWYER TALKS.

What Charles P. Johnson Says About the Defense of Frank James.

No Conviction Possible, and One Trial Will Settle the Business.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Charles P. Johnson, the famous criminal lawyer, of St. Louis, who has been engaged as chief counsel in the defense of Frank James, has been interviewed by a Post-Dispatch reporter, and expressed himself as follows: "I really know nothing about the indictments which have been, or may be, found against him. There are several places where the people charge him with being implicated in acts of violence of various kinds, but just where these charges will result in the finding of indictments I cannot tell. It is safe to say, though, that in the very large majority of these cases, where his name is freely mentioned as being the prime mover or accessory in lawless acts, he really had nothing to do with them. Every attempt to interfere with a train, or to perpetrate a bank robbery—any criminal event, in fact, which had the character of danger attending it, happening within late years—would be attributed to either him or Jesse, whereas, the real history of his life, as recently made plain in interviews and other ways, shows him to have been engaged in far different pursuits, leading, on the contrary, the life of a peaceful and law-abiding citizen.

"What will the line of defense be?" "Frank James will be acquitted through inability of the state to specifically prove his connection with the outrages charged against him. It will be hard to get any witnesses to identify him as taking part in any of the railroad robberies charged against him. The same remark applies to bank robbers where the memory of important witnesses is confused by the excitement of the occasion. The only chance the prosecution would have of convicting him, as I take it, would be by getting his late associates to turn against him, and they are not the kind of men to do that. They have been bold, brave men, forced into their positions by the exigencies of war, and generally true to each other.

"Is there not an indictment against him for participating in the Gallatin bank robbery?" "I believe there is; as to the nature of the proof that will be brought against him I know nothing."

"When will a trial occur?" "It is not likely that there will be a trial very shortly. That will depend upon the time of the sitting of the courts in localities where any charge will be brought against him."

"It is stated that a host of charges will be made in Missouri, and also that other states will want to bring him to trial." "I think that one trial will settle Frank James' fate. It is certainly not likely that the people of this state will show special vindictiveness against him. I think that his action in giving himself up, together with the killing of his brother, the maiming of his mother, the harassments of his wife and other incidents connected with the breaking up of the gang, have had the effect of producing an opinion among the state that he ought to be dealt leniently with."

"Will a jury be apt to look at it in this light?" "I think that he will be acquitted, and that one trial will satisfy the ends of justice."

A New Era.

The true secret of happiness is perfect health, which enables the individual to enjoy life, and attain competency and contentment. The martyr to dyspepsia, in continual misery, is without hope in the pursuit of business or pleasure, and realizes that existence yields only failure. But a new era has come, and good health is assured, with positive relief from the ills of digestion and torpid liver, by the use of Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are very nice, try them. Only 25 and 50 cents, in handsome boxes. For sale by Bard & Miller.

How He Was Deceived.

Joseph Medill in Chicago Tribune.

The murmuring zephyrs of a June morning were kissing with dewy breath the rosebushes that were soon to burst forth in a wealth of bud and blossom; the twitter of the robin and the meadow-lark rose cheerily upon the cool, fresh air that came from beyond the hill-tops in the west, and athwart the eastern sky faint bands of crimson light, rosy larbingers of the golden flood that was to come, made a vivid contrast to the deep blue of the zenith, while over all was spread the solemn hush that comes before breakfast.

"You are mistaken, darling," said Gwendolen Mahaffy, looking up tenderly at Pericles Perkins, "it was a horse."

"Perhaps you are right," the man replied, stroking the neck of the horse—a beautiful Norman that weighed nearly a ton—"but it would have deceived even a more trusting heart than mine."

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Disease.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

The Prohibition Cause.

Special Dispatch to Kansas City Times.

Platteburg, Mo., Oct. 10.—Prohibition is the dominant sentiment of Clinton county. It will never do to permit political complications to elect an anti-prohibitionist to the legislature. To warm the cause Dr. John E. Brock, president of the State Prohibition alliance, has come into the county and speaks to-night in this city, at the court house, and on Thursday night at Lathrop.

There is great excitement in Maryville over the sudden disappearance of Mr. John O'Connor, the postmaster, who was extensively selling agricultural machinery. It is alleged that Mr. O'Connor is short in his accounts as postmaster and bankrupt in business.

AURORA SPRINGS.

A Few Drops From That Famous Resort—Hotel and a Bank Wanted.

—A special tie train has been snatching ties from Aurora this week lively.

—Noah Hoover has just finished his large boarding house, at the head of the park, and we find it quite cosily arranged.

—As we before stated and was about to state again, we want a bank at Aurora Springs; this invitation holds good until we get two banks.

—Hon. Theron M. Rice, greenback nominee for supreme judge, was tendering his Aurora Springs friends a genuine campaign hand-shake last week. The judge seems to think he will get there.

—Dr. J. B. Gillespie, who has been with us for the past month, returned, Wednesday, to Lee's Summit. It has been whispered that on his next trip he will—but we promised the Doctor we would not mention it.

—The Rev. T. J. Hutchinson, of Springfield, the blind preacher, lectured two nights here in the interest of prohibition, and enrolled over fifty in the cause. We all drink Aurora water, but it is a poor town for a dry gathering.

—Old Man Vennor has had quite an effect on our citizens. Many of them that built in haste, moved in without plastering or flues, and there is a general hustling around now to prepare for the terrible winter the old man prophesied.

—Aurora Springs was well represented at St. Louis last week, as a full coach load went from here Monday morning to take in the fair, gaze on the Veiled Prophets, etc., while a number of our merchants took advantage of the occasion to buy their fall goods.

—A ten-thousand dollar hotel would be a paying investment in Aurora Springs, and should be ready by the opening of spring. Don't say why don't we put one up, for we haven't got the dust. Our money is all out, and has been ever since we bought our summer duster.

—Cook's new hotel and hall is looming up rapidly with a large and efficient force of workmen. The hall will supply a long felt want, as we have no suitable place for entertainments that will accommodate a large audience. Mr. Cook is a live man in a town, and we are proud of him.

—There seems to be a disposition on the part of candidates this season to decline the honors of representative. James M. Baker, republican nominee for representative, declines and David C. Stoyton, democratic nominee also declines, while latter nominees, it is said, will also decline the honor. It seems the independents will have full swing.

—Analysis of Aurora springs, by Phil. C. Gallaher, analytical chemist, School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.:

No. one, or Round spring: Sodium, carbonate. Magnesium, carbonate. Calcium, carbonate. Potassium, sulphate. Ferrous, chloride. Alumina. Silica.

Numbers two and three, or what are better known as Box and Bluff springs, are the same, except that they contain more calcium carbonate, and less silica.

It is needless to add, the analysis proves quite satisfactory, and fully accounts for the numerous cures already effected by the use of the water, while the source of the analysis is beyond question.

A Story to Be Continued Monthly.

At the 148th Grand Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, on Tuesday, September 12, 1882, Fortune rewarded her favorites most liberally (the wheel was turned under the sole supervision of Gen'l G. T. Pezard, of La. and Jubal A. Early, of Va.). The following will serve as samples, the names of other winners are withheld by request. Ticket No. 42,101 (the first capital prize) drew \$75,000, and sold in fifties at one dollar each, sent by mail on application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., as will be done to any other man on application made before November 14th, the date of the 150th drawing. One-fifth (\$15,000) went to D. P. Blair, Pres't East Miss Matm'l Ass'n, Columbus, Miss.; another to R. R. Deacon, collected through Bates Co. Nat'l Bank, of Butler, Mo.; another to P. N. Johnson, of Houston, Tex. No. 22,350 (the second capital prize of \$25,000) also sold in fifties—one of \$5,000 to Peter O. Johnson, of No. 111 Seneca st., Leavenworth City, Kansas; another to Michael A. Finnegan, of No. 1, Elder place, Boston, Mass. No. 6,641 (the third capital prize of \$10,000) was sold to parties residing in New York City and New Orleans. Nos. 11,134 and 82,216 (the fourth capital, each of \$6,000) sold to residents of Petersburg, Tenn., and New York City, and so on ad infinitum. Next month the names and numbers will be changed, but the story will be the same.

Bob Ingersoll's Mine.

The press of the country seemed, not many days ago, to take a pleasure in pointing a moral and adopting a tale from the statement that "Pope Bob" Ingersoll had lost \$75,000 in cash and the confidence of his friends in an unsuccessful, though once promising, mining venture. Now comes the Sorocco (N. M.) Sun, published close by the seat of Col. Ingersoll's ventures, and says: "There has been much said about this mine and much fun poked at Col. Bob Ingersoll about it, but if a person could get \$1,000 worth of stock at what it is said to have been quoted at in New York and Washington, it would realize a nice little fortune. It is reported that work will be resumed on the mine within the next three weeks. 'He who laughs last, laughs best.' Bob will get his laugh in poco tempo—pretty soon."

Important to Know?

That in all throat, chest and lung troubles—colds, whooping-coughs, asthma, consumption, etc.—even a single dose of Dr. Acker's English Remedy will relieve the worst symptoms of distress; it is pleasant to take, may be given to the youngest child and guarantees cure in every case. Trial bottles only 10 cents. Regular sizes 50 cts and \$1. For sale by Bard & Miller.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

A Short Dissertation on Slang Phrases.

The Use and Abuse of it.

Showing How and by Whom it is Most Frequently Introduced.

Every profession, trade and occupation has its slang, but it may be safely set down as an axiom that the lower the calling the richer it is, in delectable lingo. Every nation and tongue in the known world has its cant terms, and, though civilized people deprecate its use, and affect to dispense its uses, it cannot be denied that, by means of a slang term expression is often given to an idea that it would otherwise take a sentence to explain. It would be interesting to have the origin of slang, but the narrow confines of a newspaper article forbid such research. Sufficient for the purpose that it exists, and that it is daily used, often unconsciously, by thousands, aye, millions of people. It has been said before, the lower the calling, the richer the slang. This is fully exemplified in the case of the dishonest, for thieves have a vocabulary of their own, almost as copious as Webster's Unabridged. They "pat" flash," that is, talk slang almost constantly. This is caused by two reasons: First, the desire to keep as secret as possible even their ordinary thoughts; and, secondly, by their love of being thought "fly," or smart. In thieves' parlance, an honest man is a "square bloke," and all who are not such, are "crooks," or "on the cross." A pickpocket is a "dilly fink"; a burglar, a "crackman"; a safe-rober a "go-phor-blower"; while common thieves are "sneaks," "knucks," "guns," and "goniffs."

A thief's wife is his "moll," and in his expressive cant a prostitute is "a moll," "a tagot," or "a fairy," according to the degree of favor she finds in his eyes. "A drinking saloon is 'a boozing den,' or 'a lushing tub.' The place where he sells or otherwise disposes of his ill-gotten gains is 'a fence,' while the property is 'swag.' His companions in crime are 'the mob' or 'the gang,' and his especial enemies, the police, are 'coppers' or 'bobbies.' He is never arrested, but is often 'collared,' and when the proof of his guilt is conclusive, he is 'copped dead to rights.' When he drinks he 'collars his booze.' It sent to jail he is 'in quod,' 'in stir,' or 'jugged.' Serving out a term of imprisonment is 'doing time,' and its duration is measured by 'moons' for months, and 'stretchers' for years. He has a hundred terms for money, but a dollar is most commonly 'a case,' and a hundred of them 'a century.' A silver watch is 'a tucker,' a gold one 'a super,' a pocketbook is 'a leather,' and diamonds are 'sparks.'

"Twisting a super" means to wring a gold watch off its chain, and to tell a man a lie is to 'give him a stiff' while to tell him the truth is to 'give it to him straight.' Flattery is 'tally,' and abuse is 'back-cap.' A thief never betrays another; he 'gives him away,' or 'spits.' His name is his 'moniker,' he never 'walks,' but he often 'pads the hool,' and when he ends his earthly career he does not die, but 'croaks.' Next to thieves, the disciples of the prize ring most love slang. A fighter's head is his 'nut,' or his 'knowledge box'; his eyes are his 'ogles,' or his 'glims'; his nose is his 'conk,' or his 'horn,' his 'cut-water,' and his 'proboscis'; his mouth is his 'potato-trap,' or his 'kisser,' and his ears are his 'lugs,' his arms are his 'fins' or his 'lukes,' his fists are his 'mauleys' and his 'bunches of fives,' and his legs are his 'pins.' When he takes a good thumping without winning he is said to be 'game,' and to 'take his gruel kindly.' When his opponent catches him around the neck with one arm and pounds him with his other hand, he is said to be 'in chancery.' The beating he gives or receives is 'punishment,' and when from his reception he is so weak that he can no longer stand steadily on his feet he is said to be 'groggy,' and his opponent is advised to go in and, by putting on the 'kibosh,' 'knock him out' or 'stop him.'

Gamblers speak knowingly of 'brace' games and of 'cappers' whose business it is to 'rope in' 'suckers' to play against their games. When a man is in hard luck he is said to be playing 'both ends against the middle,' or 'both ways to the pudding,' and when he dies he 'passes in his chips.' Newsboys and boot-blacks are fond of slang, and are 'game to the latest.' The other day a pair of them were discussing the merits of an acquaintance while standing near the postoffice. Said one: 'Guts Higgins was beat out of a quarter matching pennies with Skinny Nick. Skinny had a cent with two heads onto it, and Guts was the rankest sucker yet ever saw. He wouldn't drop on himself if a house was to fall onto him.' Guts must be a tough citizen, indeed.

"Louder, Gabriel, Louder!"

One of the best replies ever made is said to be that of the brilliant but erratic Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, in answer to one who interrupted him while he was speaking to a vast audience in Buffalo, New York. When Marshall was eloquently picturing the glories of liberty, and each sentence fell from his lips as chaste and beautiful as a marble block comes from a sculptor's hand, some political opponent in the audience called out, "Louder, louder!" Marshall did not at first tumble to the trick, but on being interrupted again by the same cry, he paused in his magnificent flight of eloquence and said:

"MR. PRESIDENT:—On the last and final day of this our mortal earth, when the angel Gabriel shall take his departure from the blue domes of heaven, and, placing one foot on the rolling sea and the other upon the land, shall lift to his lips the golden trumpet and announce in clarion tones that time shall be no more; when, amid the gushing melodies of angelic choirs, he shall announce to the pale forms of the resurrected dead that the day of immortality is at hand, and the souls of men shall rise from the tomb, I have no doubt, sir, but that some d-d fool from Buffalo will start up and cry out, 'Louder, Gabriel, louder!'"

Explicit direction for every use are given with Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c.

A PERSISTENT LOVER.

It is Said He Wrote a Marriage Notice Which Was Not True.

Post-Dispatch.

Mr. Samuel G. Stone, a young man well known in St. Louis society; has well earned the reputation of a most persistent lover, and one who would not take a refusal. For some time it has been an open secret that he was paying his attentions to Miss Lilly Woolridge, who lives with Mrs. Nave, on Locust street. He had been until recently a regular caller. Several months ago, it will be remembered, his ardor in that direction led him to a bout at fisticuffs on the street. He and Peter Nicholson, jr., had been visiting at the Nave residence, one evening, and something that Mr. Stone said offended Mr. Nicholson. The parties took their leave at the same time, and met again under the shadow of Dr. Tudor's church, each accompanied by a friend. The two young fellows stripped off their coats, and a lively fight ensued. Mr. Stone got the worst of the fight, but each gentleman bears the marks of the battle. Since that time Mr. Stone has not signaled his devotion in any way until recently. It seems that Miss Woolridge had not reciprocated his affections as warmly as he could wish. He set about devising means to change this state of affairs and the plan he adopted was, to say the least, a very questionable one. Several days ago a notice was received at the Globe-Democrat office, stating that Miss Lilly Woolridge, a lady well known, etc., would soon be united in marriage to Mr. Sam Stone. A request was made that the notice be published in to-morrow's paper. The society reporter of the Globe-Democrat was doubtful about the announcement.

A call was made upon Mrs. Nave, and the written notice was shown her. The lady looked at it a moment and said, "Why, this is in Mr. Stone's own handwriting."

"Is the statement true?" she was asked. "No, not at all," said Mrs. Nave. "This is a very curious thing to do. There is absolutely no truth in the statement."

Mrs. Nave said that Mr. Stone had visited the house frequently, and was looked upon as a very pleasant caller. Later his visits had been less frequent. She further stated that the young gentleman was regarded as a friend, and, only in that night by both Miss Woolridge and herself. Miss Lilly was still very young, her health had not been good, and although she had made her debut, she did not think of marriage at all just yet. The action of Mr. Stone is considered by Carsons and his friends express surprise that he should act in this way. The young fellow is a son of Hon. Wm. H. Stone, an ex-congressman, and is at present cashier of the St. Louis Hot-Pressed Nut and Bolt manufacturing company.

Missouri Matters.

—Corn is selling in Taney county at twenty cents a bushel.

—Over two hundred miners are employed in the coal mines at Camden.

—Wealthy buyers from other states are picking up farms all over Missouri.

—Horse thieves are getting in their work throughout Southwest Missouri.

—West Plains is putting on more metropolitan airs than any place in South Missouri.

—Wm. Pritchard, of Illinois, has bought the Haynes farm in Vernon, paying \$15,000 for it.

—The woolen mill at Carthage, which was destroyed by fire nearly a year ago, is to be rebuilt.

—The Hessian fly is said to be damaging the growing wheat in many places in Callaway county.

—The Bollinger county court house has, for the second time, been condemned by the grand jury.

—Interior papers still note the high price paid for stock hogs—\$7, \$8, and even \$10 per hundred pounds.

—Chariton county has fenced 24,396 acres of land this year and put up 528 new farm buildings of various kinds.

—The Vichy Springs Chronicle says movers pass through that place every day on their way to Howell county.

—A pack of wolves are destroying sheep in Johnson county. George Shumate killed three of the pack in two days.

—The Lebanon Sentinel says the real estate market in that county is extremely lively and immigration substantially increasing.

—Farmers who cannot get stock hogs or mules to eat their corn are paying as high as \$30 a head for common yearling steers.

—The Sedalia Dispatch counts about twenty prairie schooners a day passing through that place with settlers for Missouri from Illinois and other states.

—Not a week, and hardly a day, passes that strangers are not turned away from West Plains, because of the impossibility of renting dwelling houses.

—George Morrison last week killed Henry Large, in Vernon county, with an old musket which he playfully snapped at him, not knowing that it was loaded.

—F. S. Poston sold eighty acres of land belonging to W. I. Key, three and a half miles southwest of Fulton, to C. G. Bowman, late of Pennsylvania, for \$1,900 cash.

—This state may have had as large an immigration as now in some former years, but more capital is coming in with each immigrant than was ever the case before.

—John Stine's wheat crop, near Camden Point, this year turned out on fifty-five acres. Thirty-two bushels per acre is not so bad for frosted wheat.

—It is reported in Neosho that F. M. Hicks, editor of the Pineville News, has been arrested for bigamy. Hicks was married to Miss Annie Cloud, an estimable lady of McDonald county, and it now comes to light that he had a living wife at that time. The wife in the case lives here in Sedalia, and is pretty well known, thank you. She has not kept her light under a bushel, nor sought that privacy which so well befits a modest and virtuous woman. As she has not lived with her husband for sometime, and having a gregarious nature, she has managed to draw around her quite a goodly number of male friends—and some female. In fact, the madam is quite an entertainer.

RUFFIAN, REDMAN.

The Man Who Brutally Murdered His Wife, Meets His Fate.

The Wildest Mob of the Season at Evansville Indiana.

They Defy the Officers, Threaten Them With Death, and Kill Their Victim.

Evansville, Ind., Oct. 11.—The first intelligence received by the officers was at ten minutes past two o'clock, when Night Turnkey Halmacher received a telephone message from Uilmer's brewery that a masked mob had passed up the street on horseback. Halmacher immediately notified Newitt, who hastened to the jail. Halmacher, after notifying Newitt went to the sheriff's residence and gave the alarm and Sheriff Keith and his deputies mounted and Martin and Tom Keith jr. were on the alert, prepared to defend the jail and prisoner. Newitt soon arrived and went into the clerk's office to telephone for assistance.

He heard the clattering of the horses' hoofs coming up the streets and hurried back into the jail. Sheriff Keith was at the front door of the court house when the mob arrived. The mob dismounted, picketed their animals, left a guard to cover their retreat, captured all the citizens who happened to be attracted to the scene, while a portion of the mob made a dive for the jail. Keith fired at them but they did not falter; they took him a prisoner and were into the jail yard in a jiffy. Two blows were sufficient to break in the outside wooden door and they were in the jail hall. Newitt and Martin and Tom Keith, jr., opened up a brick fire, which was responded to by the mob which poured a fusillade through the door.

CHISELS AND SLEDGE HAMMERS

were soon brought and willing hands went to work and in a twinkling the jail door was open.

Newitt ran back to Redman's cell and said to him: "I have done all I could for you; they will get you," and he replied, "give me a revolver and I will kill some of the s—s of b—s."

When the jail door was opened, the mob rushed through the corridor to Redman's cell and in a minute it was opened and

REDMAN WAS IN THEIR HANDS.

They tied his hands with a strong rope and led him out; the officers all this time trying to escape from the jail and get assistance, so as to capture the mob or some of them.

Newitt managed to get into the sheriff's residence and run up stairs to the front window, which he opened and

BLEW HIS WHISTLE.

Then the mob followed him and threw him down stairs. When he got up the mob were bringing Redman out of the front door. They were ordered to halt, when their leader replied: "We are from Posey county, and come after Redman and we are going to have him." An alarm of fire having been given out in the city the chemical engine came rapidly up the street, struck the buggy into which the mob had placed Redman and overturned it. This threw the mob into some disorder, when one of the leaders said,

"PUT HIM ON HORSEBACK."

Then the order was countermanded and orders were given to kill him on the spot. One of the band seized a sledge hammer and dealt Redman a powerful blow on the head, felling him to the ground. At this point Chief Pritchett arrived on the scene. One of the mob ran up to him and said:

"GO AWAY FROM HERE, PRITCHETT."

We do not want to kill you," at the same time snapping a revolver in his face. But his hand was knocked up in the air before the weapon was discharged.

By this time several officers were on the ground, who, without the orders of their superiors, opened fire on the rapidly retreating mob. The mob fired as they retreated. They were well armed and a regular pitched battle was fought on Third street. The result of the battle was

REDMAN WAS KILLED

where he was stricken down with the sledgehammer. Two dozen balls entered his body. It was at this place that David Murphy, a brother-in-law of the murdered woman, met his death. The mob was so intent on killing Redman that they fired helter skelter through their own ranks. It was then that Murphy found his death.

He was astride a grey horse, which started down Third street with the remainder of the mob when they left. A half a square from the scene Murphy reeled and fell. Pritchett and Newitt hurried to his assistance. He was

carried into the court house and medical aid summoned. Chief Pritchett telephoned for all the police and officers were placed on the watch. The body of Redman was conveyed to the court house

BUT LIFE WAS EXTINGUISHED.

Murphy asked for a drink of water and said he resided in Mt. Vernon. In twenty minutes afterwards he was a corpse. The mob, on leaving the scene, separated and everything was done to avoid the officers. In a short time after the occurrence, a young man, a stranger, approached the place where the bodies of Murphy and Redman were lying, when Chief Pritchett arrested him. He gave his name as Quincy A. Gill, and said he resided in Mt. Vernon. He was locked up. Chief Pritchett also arrested a large, heavy set man, with black whiskers, but he was afterwards released. It was ascertained later that this person was the leader, as the description given answers to the leader of the mob Saturday night.

Dave McFadden, a brother of the murdered woman, was shortly afterwards arrested by Detective Newitt in Young's saloon. Newitt recognized him as the person who pointed a revolver at him in the jail and said, "we are from Posey county, are after and going to have Redman." He was locked up. The fourth arrest was made by officers Zapp and Stetzer at the corner of Fourth and Main streets.

Officers saw a man coming up the street on horseback and prepared to arrest him. He fired at the officers but, fortunately, missed them. He was taken into custody. He knocked one of the officers down and gave the other a severe tussle, but was landed in the station house.

Yesterday afternoon about twenty persons came up from Mt. Vernon on the train and last night on the freight were followed. Horsemen were to meet their advance guards at Salt Wells about midnight. The party on foot wended their way to this place and 1 o'clock they met; at 2 o'clock they started for the jail. They had two leaders, one a large man, the other a small fellow, who evidently was the most determined man in the crowd.

He it was who fired at Pritchett. The news quickly spread in the city, and in short order a large crowd congregated at the corner of Main and Third streets. In front of Aug. Brown's office is a pool of blood, and around this a hungry crowd is gathered to witness the sickening sight.

All the prisoners captured by the police were heavily armed. They had two revolvers each. Murphy's revolver had two empty chambers, and a cold chisel was taken from his coat pocket. These weapons are at police headquarters.

A reporter called on Judge Parrett concerning bail for the prisoners. He said if they were charged with murder, they would have no bail, but if merely charged with breaking open a jail, he would have to admit them to bail.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.

—A pearl that by a singular freak of nature resembles the profile of Bismarck, is exhibited in Berlin. But all pearls look something like Bismarck, they being more or less bald-headed.

Western Union Officers.

New York, Oct. 12.—At a meeting of the new board of directors of the Western Union Telegraph Co., the following were elected officers: Dr. Norvin Green, president; General Thomas I. Eckert, vice president and general manager; Augustus Schell, John Van Horne, and Harrison Durkee, vice presidents. D. H. Bates, acting vice president and assistant general manager; J. B. Van Every, acting vice president. The other officers hold over. The executive committee is composed of Norvin Green, Thomas I. Eckert, Edwin D. Morgan, John Van Horne, Augustus Schell, Harrison Durkee, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Alonzo B. Cornell, Sidney Dillon, Cyrus W. Field and George J. Gould.



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